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AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

Some Manly Counsel from Ellison S. Keitt—
Shall the State, in Accepting the Clemons Bequest, Defraud Calhoun's Granddaughter of her Inheritance—The Negro in the Separate Agricultural College.

[From the News and Courier.]

Permit me through your columns to speak to the farmers of the State upon the question of the establishment of an agricultural and mechanical college and the acceptance of the Clemons bequest, which is now profoundly agitating the public mind. What is done will be done by the farmers and primarily for the farmers, for they are largely in the majority in the State. All my sympathies are with them, and nearly all my association for my life has been devoted to agriculture, and my all is invested in it. First, as to the Clemons bequest.

At best it is a very small bone thrown to the State, and when the lawyers get through gnawing it there will be no marrow left in it. It, too, brings with it a lawsuit which will be no narrow left in it. It, too, brings with it a lawsuit which will be no narrow left in it. It, too, brings with it a lawsuit which will be no narrow left in it.

Can the State entertain for a moment the idea of making herself a party to such a suit? If she does, well might this innocent girl, as did Iphigenia in Aulis, draw a veil over her face and hide her shame at the degeneracy and dishonor of the State made immortal by her illustrious ancestor.

Know that I enter my solemn protest against it, and invoke the farmers of the State to rise up against it. Let no dishonor be brought upon the State by their act. Peabody, Cornell, Cooper, and Vanderbilt gave of their millions to found colleges and universities, after making ample provision for their families, and made their names immortal.

Mr. Clemons, to glorify himself, would alienate the maternal inheritance of an innocent girl, the homestead of her ancestors, and invokes South Carolina to aid him in his unholy work. Farmers, have nothing to do with it! South Carolinians are able to establish an agricultural and mechanical college separate and apart from any other institution, if they so will it. If they do, let it be called the South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Mr. Clemons will show that he himself doubted the acceptance by the State of his offer, for he made provision in that event.

I will now, fellow-farmers, consider the establishment of an agricultural and mechanical college separate from any other institution in the State. I favored it from the commencement of the agitation, as I favor any and everything that tends to advance the agricultural interest. The situation in the State now is very different from what it was two years ago, when the agitation began, and wise statesmanship always looks ahead and avoids trouble as the mariner does breakers. Let us make no mistakes if they can be avoided.

The agricultural and mechanical department in the College at Columbia has been so much enlarged by the election of a full corps of professors that it is no longer "the annex," but is now the prominent feature of the College. If there is a lack of students the fault is not in the department or those who established it. It is because of the lack of feeders.

Three experimental stations have been established, one at Spartanburg, one at Columbia and one at Darlington, all in successful operation under a thoroughly scientific and practical director, President McBryde. The South Carolina College, Citadel Academy and Claflin University constitute the University of South Carolina. The two former are for the white people and the latter for the black people. The interest on the land scrip, donated by the General Government, is divided equally between the South Carolina College and the Claflin University. The Hatch fund, given annually by the General Government for experimental stations, is divided between Spartanburg, Columbia and Darlington. All now are harmonious and we have peace. Let us never lose sight of the fact that we are not a homogeneous people; that we have to legislate for two races of people, a condition that no people before us ever had to confront.

Now, if to establish an agricultural and mechanical college separate and apart from all other institutions the interest on the land scrip is taken from the South Carolina College and Claflin University, the agricultural and mechanical features in those institutions will be destroyed and the institutions themselves will be emasculated to that extent. If the Hatch fund is taken the experimental stations at Spartanburg, Columbia and Darlington will be abandoned. Well, suppose all this is done and an agricultural and mechanical college, separate and apart from all other institutions in the State, is established. If colored students apply for admission what is to be done? They must either be admitted or a like institution established for them, or the cry of the Republican brother will be heard loud and clear all over the North. Let us give them no chance to utter their wild American screams.

Now, fellow-farmers, what does wise statesmanship dictate that we should do? Whatever is done will be laid at our door, and we will be held responsible for it. In my judgment, if we would preserve harmony and peace, and put

A HORRIBLE TALE OF THE SEA.

Steamer "Geiser" Sunk by a Collision with the Steamer "Thingvalla"—One Hundred and Five Souls went Down with the Ill-Fated Vessel.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—The Hamburg-American steamer, Wieland, which arrived in this port to-night, brings the survivors of one of the most appalling disasters of recent years. The steamer Geiser, of the Thingvalla line, left this port on Saturday last with a full list of passengers, bound for Copenhagen. She belonged more especially to the emigrant-carrying class, being a slow sailor, and the majority of her passengers were of the poorer classes.

According to the story of a passenger, everything proceeded smoothly and good time was made until the vicinity of the Sable Islands was reached, when a dense fog settled down, obscuring objects at even thirty feet distant. The speed of the Geiser was decreased materially, and the whistles were kept sounding and all precautions were taken to prevent a collision, but the density of the fog prevented the signals being heard at any distance.

Suddenly and without warning a vessel loomed up in the fog, and before the Geiser could take any preparations to avoid her the crash occurred. The strange vessel proved to be the Thingvalla, of the same line, bound for New York, and she struck the Geiser a little forward of amidships, cutting her almost half in two.

The succeeding scene baffled description, and neither passengers nor officers attempted anything like an accurate account of it. That a terrible panic occurred is certain. The passengers and crew lost their heads and ran heedlessly up and down the deck, crying to be taken from the fast-sinking vessel to a place of safety. Others, cooler-headed, pitched strips of boards, and whatever would serve as a life-preserver, overboard, and leaped after. The hatches were removed and women and children piled on them and set afloat. Life boats, on being lowered, were quickly filled, the crew battling with the passengers for a place in the boats.

All this happened in the shortest possible space of time, as when in less than five minutes from the time of the collision, the Geiser lurched heavily and went down, forward end on, carrying with her one hundred and five souls, seventy-three passengers and thirty-three of the crew.

The Thingvalla was almost totally disabled by the collision, having a terrific hole stove in her forward compartment, carrying it almost entirely away from the deck to below the water line. Her boats, nevertheless, put out to rescue the survivors, and manfully battled with the heavy sea then running, to relieve the floating wreckage of its precious freight.

The remainder of the story may be better told by Captain Albers, of the Wieland, who brought the news and survivors here. He says: "On the morning of August 14 we sighted some wreckage and suspected at once that an accident had happened, as, although a heavy sea was running at the time, there had been no storm of sufficient violence to wreck a vessel. We next sighted a broken boat, and almost immediately after made out the Thingvalla flying a signal of distress. We ran down to her and Captain Lamb came alongside in a small boat and pitiously begged us to relieve him of the survivors of the Geiser and his own passengers, 355 in number, as his vessel was so badly injured that he wondered at her floating as she did. We sent three boats, and these, with two from the Thingvalla, succeeded in transferring all the passengers on the vessel safely to us in about five hours. The immense hole in the Thingvalla's bow was then patched up, and she started to run to Halifax."

The collision, so far as known, was caused by the fog. The Thingvalla was heading west-south-west; the Geiser east-north-east. Both chief officers were on deck at the time, and had taken all precautions to prevent the accident. The Thingvalla virtually ran the Geiser down. The latter vessel was heavily laden, and the Thingvalla ran her bow up on the Geiser's deck, smashing her stateroom and killing or disabling all the passengers therein.

The first officer of the Geiser was on deck when the accident happened, and grasped the Thingvalla's chains when she backed off. He was carried with her, and had a leg broken. He is now in the Hoboken hospital.

Capt. Carl Miller refuses to make any statement for publication regarding the accident, save that it was due to the weather then prevailing. He is heartbroken over the loss of his ship. The survivors were taken at once to the Hotel Denmark, and are spending the night there.

Second officer, Peter J. Joynesen, says: "I was asleep in my bunk when I heard a shock and immediately went on deck. Taking in the situation at a glance I ordered all hands on deck. I caught the Thingvalla's chains and reached her deck. From there I saw the Geiser sink stern first."

Amos Welse, a civil engineer of Minneapolis, was another graphic relator of events. He said: "About 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning I was awakened by a shock, and thinking we had struck a wreck I went on deck, taking my cork jacket with me. When I reached the deck the greatest terror prevailed, and people usually cool were racing the deck like mad, clutching at immovable objects and endeavoring to tear them loose, when all around lay planks and things that should have been just to

GOOD FOR UNCLE GEORGE!

Hampton County Carried with a Whop and Hurrah—Gratifying Results of Journalistic Persecution.

[Special to Greenville News.]
VAIRVILLE, S. C., August 16.—The Hampton county convention for the election of delegates to the judicial and congressional conventions met to-day at Hampton court house and was called to order by County Chairman McSweeney. Major W. J. Gooding was elected temporary chairman and Dr. Ellis secretary, which organization was made permanent.

The following delegates were elected to the State convention: Jas. W. Moore, M. B. McSweeney, W. J. Gooding, Tom Stokes, T. W. Williams, W. P. Tillinghast, C. J. C. Hutson and Julian Brown.

To the judicial convention: J. G. H. Sanders, W. H. Reid, H. P. Weekly, J. P. Lavill, A. M. Ruth, R. G. Ruth, R. A. Rice and C. L. Peoples.

To the Congressional convention: M. B. McSweeney, Wm. Stokes, W. S. Tillinghast, W. E. Brunson, S. J. Casey, A. A. Browning, J. P. Murdangh, L. F. Davis; alternates, I. E. Dukes, W. H. Tuxen, T. W. Williams, K. S. Long and W. J. Ellis.

The delegates were all elected by acclamation, there being no opposition. Colonel Tillman carried everything by storm and was recipient of a most ringing cheer at the adjournment of the convention.

MCS.
CONGRESSMAN TILLMAN TAKES THE EDGEFIELD VOTE.
[Special to the News and Courier.]
EDGEFIELD, August 16.—The county convention met in the Court House to-day at 12 o'clock, and 190 delegates answered to their names, representing thirty-three clubs. Immediately upon the organization of the convention the following resolution was adopted:

That each candidate for Congress in the 2d district, or his friends, be accorded the privilege of nominating a full ticket of twelve delegates to represent Edgefield County in the Congressional Nominating Convention to assemble at Aiken on the 28th of August inst., each said tickets to be voted for as a whole by this convention at the same time, and the ticket getting the majority of votes to be declared the one to represent Edgefield County in the said Congressional Nominating Convention.

An intermission of two minutes was allowed for the friends of the candidates, other than Mr. Tillman, to present a ticket. None was offered, whereupon the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That W. H. Timmerman, T. R. Denney, R. B. Watson, E. J. Grogans, M. A. Markert, J. W. Bunch, Henry Towns, W. R. Parks, L. P. Dorn, W. E. Prescott, J. M. Gaines and J. B. Lanier be, and they are hereby, appointed delegates in behalf of the Hon. G. D. Tillman to the Aiken Congressional Nominating Convention to be held on the 28th August instant, that said delegates be instructed to vote as a unit for the nomination of Mr. Tillman as long as he shall remain a candidate before said Convention.

The following are the delegates to the State Convention: N. A. Bates, R. R. Tillman, Charles Carson, W. H. Timmerman, G. A. Bunch, G. W. Turner, A. E. Padgett, A. C. Stallworth, J. H. Edwards, D. P. Lagrone, J. B. Sudduth, C. B. Crouch.

Proceeding the election of these delegates the following resolution, offered by Capt. Tillman, was adopted:

Resolved, That our delegates to the State Convention be instructed to offer an amendment to the constitution of the Democratic party of the State providing that all nominations for office in the party shall be primary election, and that such primary election shall be held in every county the same day.

Resolved, That the General Assembly be requested to provide by statute for the conduct of said primary.

Another resolution was passed favoring the acceptance of the Clemons bequest and the establishment of a separate agricultural college.

The following delegates were elected to the Judicial Convention: W. W. Butler, P. S. Brooks, O. Sheppard, N. G. Evans, O. F. Cheatham, N. W. Brooker, E. H. Folk, J. P. Blackwell, J. R. Blocker, F. A. Tompkins, S. T. Williams, J. W. Devore.

Forests and Water Supply.
[Prof. Shaler, in Scribner's Magazine.]
When man resorted to the soil as the source of his food, he began to clear away the forests and by tillage to destroy the spongy covering of the earth which they created. With the advance of civilization, all the great valleys on the Northern temperate zone have been to a considerable extent deprived of their forest covering. In this new state of the surface, the rain water is no longer held back as it was of old, but flows quickly over the surface of the soil and enters the water-ways. The result is that all the old channels bear, in times of flood, a body of water far greater than that which was put into them before the forests were cleared away. They have been compelled to widen their channels by cutting away a strip of the alluvial land on either side. Thus, in the case of the Ohio River, the bed occupied by the floodwaters has, since the beginning of the present century, been widened to the amount of about one-fifth of its total diameter. Despite this widening, it is now unable to bear away the floodwaters yielded to it by the extensive tilled surfaces of its basin. In times of flood it rises higher than of old and spreads devastation over a wider area of the alluvial plains. In times of drought the stream shrinks within its waste of encumbering banks and becomes unavigable.

A KENTUCKY WONDER.

J. Allen, of Bloomfield, while excavating the foundation of a new mill, struck the dome of a cavern of immense proportions, from which a strong current of cold air issued with great force.

Torches were produced, and Mr. Allen and Mr. Gain Hurst were lowered by means of a windlass. It was about thirty feet from the surface to the entrance of the cave, which they found to be level and sandy, as if it were once the bed of an ancient subterranean stream. They followed the main avenue a distance of over two miles, and discovered an opening in a cliff on the farm of Mr. Benjamin Wilson, and a well-beaten path was easily discerned that was once trod by human beings, although it is now in many places covered with forest trees and undergrowth.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Hurst, after emerging from the cave, hastened back to the town and reported the result of their discoveries. A large party was at once formed, which entered the opening of the cliff on the Wilson farm. On one of the main avenues numerous evidences existed that the place had been the abode of the cave men, as numerous relics were found in the shape of pottery and bronze articles; a sepulcher was also discovered in a large niche or avenue, and in it are numerous mummified bodies. Three of them have been removed to the town and excite great curiosity. The formations in the cave are beautiful beyond description. Stately towers of stalagmites, suggestive of grotesque and unique figures are encountered all along the wonderful subterranean avenues. There is a beautiful little lake with water as clear as crystal, and as usual in cave streams, it is full of tiny eyeless fish.

The avenues in the cave will measure in all probability about seven miles, so that it may be fairly considered another rival to the Mammoth, and certainly one of the many great cave wonders of Kentucky, the country of caves. The cave is about thirty-seven miles south-west of Louisville and seventy miles from the Mammoth Cave.

The First American Locomotives.
[W. N. Forney, in Scribner's Magazine.]
In 1829 Mr. Horatio Allen, who had been in England the year before to learn all that could then be learned about steam locomotion, reported to the South Carolina Railway Company in favor of steam instead of horse power for that line. The basis of that report, he says, "was on the broad ground that in the future there was no reason to expect any material improvement in the breed of horses, while in my judgment, the man was not living who knew what the breed of locomotives was to place at command."

As early as 1829 and 1830, Peter Cooper experimented with a little locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. At a meeting of the Master Mechanics' Association in New York, in 1875—at the Institute which bears his name—he related with great glow on the trial trip he had had on a gray horse, attached to another car.

The undeveloped condition at that time of the art of machine construction is indicated by the fact that the flues of the boiler of this engine were made of gun-barrels, which were the only tubes that could then be obtained for the purpose. The boiler itself is described as about the size of a flour barrel. The whole machine was no larger than a hand-car of the present day.

In the same year that Peter Cooper built his engine, the South Carolina Railway Company had a locomotive, called the "Best Friend," built at the West Point Foundry for its line. In 1831 this company had another engine, "South Carolina," which was designed by Mr. Horatio Allen, built at the same shop. It was remarkable in having eight wheels, which were arranged in two trucks.

The New York Democrats.
NEW YORK, August 16.—The Democratic State committee to-day issued a call for a State convention to meet at Buffalo, September 12, to nominate candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor and Judge of the Court of Appeals.

BILL NYE'S LETTER.

Description of the First Railroad Train's Trial Trip—The Locomotive a Large Fire-Extinguisher on Trucks.

[Bill Nye in Chicago News.]
The first train ever operated must have been a grand sight. First came the locomotive, a large Babcock fire extinguisher on trucks, with a smokestack like a full blown speaking tube with a grill around the top; the engineer at his post in a plug hat, with an umbrella over his head and his hand on the throttle, borrowing a chew of tobacco now and then of the farmers who passed him on their way to town. Near him stood the fireman, now and then bringing in an armful of wood from the fields through which he passed, and turning the damper in the smokestack every little while so that it would draw. Now and then he would go forward and put a pork rind on a hot box or pound on the cylinder head to warn people off the track.

Next comes the tender loaded with nice, white birch wood, an economical style of fuel because its bark may be easily burned off while the wood itself will remain uninjured. Beside the firewood we find on the tender a barrel of rainwater and a tall blonde jar with wickerwork around it, which contains a small sprig of tansy immersed in four gallons of New England rum. This the engineer has brought with him for use in case of accident. He is now engaged in preparing for the accident in advance.

THE FRONT BRAKEMAN.
Next comes the front brakeman in a plug hat about two sizes too large for him. He also wears a long-waisted frock coat with a bustle to it and a tall shirt collar with a table-spread tie, the ends of which flutter gayly in the morning breeze. As the train passes at the first station he takes a hammer out of the tool box and nails on the tire of the fore wheel of his coach. The engineer gets down with a long oil can and puts a little sewing machine oil on the pitman. He then wipes it off with his sleeve.

It is now discovered that the rear coach, containing a number of directors and the division superintendent, is missing. The conductor goes to the rear of the last coach, and finds that the string by which the directors' car was attached is broken, and that, the grade being pretty steep, the directors and one brakeman have no doubt gone back to the starting place.

But the conductor is cool. He removes his bell-crowded plug hat, and, taking out his orders and time card, he finds that the track is clear, and, looking at a large, valuable Waterbury watch, presented to him by a widow whose husband was run over and killed by the train, he sees he can still make the next station in time for dinner. He hires a lively team to go back after the directors' coach, and calling "All aboard," he swings lightly upon the moving train.

NINETEEN WEARY MILES.
It is now 10 o'clock, and nineteen weary miles still stretch out between him and the dinner station. To add to the horrors of the situation, the front brakeman discovers that a very thirsty boy in the emigrant car has been drinking from the water supply tank on the tender, and there's not enough water left to carry the train through. Much time is consumed in filling the barrel again at a spring near the track, but the conductor finds a "spotter" on the train and gets him to do it. He also induces him to cut some more wood and clean out the ashes.

The engineer then pulls out a draw head and begins to make up time. In twenty minutes he has made up an hour's time, though two miles of hoop iron are torn from the track behind him. He sails to the eating station on time, and, while the master mechanic takes several of the coach wheels over to the machine shop to soak, he eats a hurried lunch.

The brakeman here gets his tin lanterns ready for the night run and fills two of them with red oil to be used on the rear coach. The fireman puts a fresh bacon rind on the eccentric, stuffs some more cotton batting around the axles, puts a new lynch-pin in the hind wheels, sweeps the apple peelings out of the smoking car, and he is ready.

Then comes the conductor, with his plug hat full of excursion tickets, orders, passes, and time checks; he looks at his Waterbury watch, waves his hand, and calls "All aboard" again. It is up-grade, however, and for two miles the "spotter" has to push behind with all his might before the conductor will allow him to get on and ride.

Thus began the history of a gigantic enterprise, which has grown till it is a comfort, a convenience, a luxury, and yet a necessity.

A 630 Pair of Twins.
POTTSWATER, Pa., August 13.—Mrs. James Nader lives on a small farm near this place. A year ago she was the mother of twenty-two living children, the youngest being a few months old. There was a mortgage for \$550 on the little Nader property. The holder of the mortgage one day, a year ago, said in a joking way to Mrs. Nader that if her family numbered twenty-four children within the coming year he would lift the mortgage. A few days ago he called to collect the year's interest on the debt. Mrs. Nader quietly conducted him to a cradle in her sitting-room, exhibited to him a pair of three-weeks' old twins, and reminded him of his promise. The mortgage was cancelled and the twins presented with \$100 besides.

OLD CONFEDERATES GATHER.

The Third Regiment and James' Battalion Have a Big Time at Landford—Fine Speeches and a General Hurrah.

[Special to the Greenville News.]
LANDFORD, August 16.—Yesterday at Landford the veterans of the 3d South Carolina Regiment and the James Battalion had a grand reunion, twenty-five hundred people being present.

Ex-Governor Donham, their old commander, addressed them zealously, getting an old rebel yell reception. Judge Barsdale, of Louisiana, who lost an arm as a boy soldier in a Laurens County company, had come all the way from the banks of the Mississippi to meet his old comrades, and it was most affecting to witness the reception he met on rising to face his bullet-riddled comrades. The Judge left Laurens more than twenty years ago with an empty sleeve and empty of everything else, but returns to visit his old home crowned with honors. He was for a long while circuit solicitor and has recently been elected to the circuit bench of his State.

Duncan, Perry and Wilson spoke, and the meeting closed a grand success. Landford is one mile from Mountain Shoals on the Ennoree, where Charleston capitalists are building a cotton factory and placing a capital of more than \$200,000. The work is now going forward with several hundred hands. It is ten miles from Laurens court house, and as a water power has no superior in the country. The buildings are on the Spartanburg side.

The hospitable people of Landford served a splendid, nice barbecue to this grand host of twenty-five hundred souls, composed of citizens of Laurens, Spartanburg, Greenville, Union, Richland, etc., who contributed to the rank and file of the two commands. An old Johnny Reb came down from Dan Voorhees' hoosier State to renew the ties of the elbow with his old companions.

I forgot to mention that Colonels Farley, Ball and Schumpert, veteran survivors of this command, made ringing speeches. Hon. Y. J. Pope, the scared Adjutant of the old Third, sent his regrets and heart up in a dispatch. This is the regiment at the head of which one of the most promising Carolinians gallantly fell—Colonel James Nance, of Newberry. Capt. J. W. Watts, presided.

New Motive Power.
There is now to be seen running on the pleasant waters of the upper Thames a launch of novel construction. Apparently it is a steam-launch, for it has the outward appearance of one; but in reality it owes its motive power to the explosive vapor of some hydrocarbon such as petroleum. It is, indeed, a petroleum engine applied, for the first time in the country, to the purpose indicated. No boiler is required, and therefore much space is saved. The boat is set in motion by the act of lighting a lamp, which lamp must be extinguished when it is desired to stop the engine. The tank holds sufficient liquid for sixty hours' consumption, at a cost of one sovereign. This is clearly much cheaper than the quantity of coal required to do the same amount of work would be. There is also a great saving of labor, for no stoking is required, and a working engineer is hardly necessary. This new boat may possibly be the pioneer of a system which will drive the steam pleasure launch from the Thames. We understand that it is of American origin.

Literary Note.
Germany still mourns her heroic Emperor Frederick, and few can read without interest the well-illustrated sketch which opens Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September tracing his old career. "The Old Inns and Taverns of London," frequented by wits and sages, is a chatty and pleasing pictorial article in the same number. Mr. McCann tells of "The Romantic Side of John Randolph's Life," bringing that eccentric statesman vividly before us with pen and pencil. In "Queer Corners at the Capital" Mr. Croffitt shows that our seat of government, has quaint and strange objects that are seldom noticed, and which he pictures.

"Religious Medicants in India" gives Miss Norris a theme, while "Methods of Magicians" will interest young and old. "Market Day at the South" is a bright bit of description. The serial novel, "The Grave Between Them," deepens in interest. The number abounds in most attractive illustrations, the frontispiece being very taking.

The Chicago Standard prints the following "mild balderdash," which is sung in the Mormon Sunday-schools, and adds that the poetry is very like the Mormon religion, a queer mixture of the slightly good with the very bad: "I'll be a little Mormon."

And seek to know the ways That God has taught his people In these latter days. Though I am young and little, I too may learn forthwith To love the precious gospel Revealed to Joseph Smith.

"With Jesus for the standard, A sure and perfect guide, And Joseph's wise example, What can I need beside? I'll strive from every evil To keep my heart and tongue, I'll be a little Mormon."

And follow Brigham Young. That such stuff can be written, set to music, printed, and sung by people of the Saxon race, born in nominally Christian homes, is one of the strangest features of the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS.

The First National Convention of the New American Party.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 14.—The first National Convention of the American Party began its sessions in the Grand Army hall on Pennsylvania avenue, near 15th street, this city, at 12.55 this afternoon. The call for the convention was issued July 10th last, by Isaac Sharp, of Kansas, chairman, and R. J. Bayer, of the District of Columbia, secretary of the National Committee, and set forth briefly the objects of the convention, which include the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. The cardinal principles of the party were epitomized in the call as follows: First, the restriction (regulation) of immigration; second, the extension of the time required for naturalization to fourteen years; third, protection of the American free school system; fourth, American lands for American settlers; fifth, no public funds for sectarian purposes.

MAYOR HEWITT WON'T ACCEPT A NOMINATION.
WASHINGTON, August 16.—In the American party convention to-day at 4 o'clock the committee on resolutions reported a compromise measure. As a basis of representation the New York delegation is to cast thirty-eight votes, and every delegate from other States and Territories will cast one vote each. This report was in the way of a hearing, and after several speeches it was unanimously adopted. The convention then took a recess until evening.

At the evening session two reports from the committee on platform were taken up, and the minority report was laid on the table.

All the plans of the majority report were adopted without debate, except one—to allow no more naturalization of foreigners. This was opposed by the New York delegation, but in a speech of over an hour Mr. Wigginton converted them, and the plank was adopted unanimously.

The platform, in substance, is as follows: It demands that no foreign-born citizen shall be naturalized, and no emigrant be allowed to come to this country unless he has a certificate from the United States consul at the port whence he embarks, and that he must pay a tax of \$100 to the consul after 1888.

Every voter is to be able to read the Constitution of the United States and write his own name. Appropriations of money to institutions controlled by any church is condemned, and the Presidential term is limited to six years.

By a large majority the convention decided to proceed to nominations, but pending that at 9 o'clock a recess was taken for 15 minutes to allow money enough to be contributed to pay the rent of the hall.

Mayor Hewitt is out of the races for the Presidential nomination, he having so informed the committee who waited upon him. The next choice lies between Negley, of Pittsburg, and Wigginton, of California, although the latter has said that he does not want it.

The Illinois and Pennsylvania delegations finally became disgusted with the way the New York delegation was running the convention, and the number of twenty-seven halted the convention, and going to the Ebbitt house, started their own convention.

Messrs. Hewitt, Negley and General Langdon Curtis, of New York, were placed in nomination by the regular convention. General Curtis captured the nomination, receiving 314 of the votes cast.

What the Deacon was Good For.
[Philadelphia Bulletin.]
A. E. Dickinson, editor of the Religious Herald, of Richmond, Va., was telling the Philadelphia Baptist Association the other day how necessary it was to enlist the active services of every member of the congregation, when some one pertinently asked: "What are you going to do with a man that can't do anything?"

"That's a mistake," returned the reverend journalist. "Every man is of some use. If he can't do one thing he can do another. The point is to find out just what he is fit for, and having found out put him at it. This recalls an actual experience I once had in a backwoods congregation in Virginia. It was my first visit among the people and I was anxious to make it successful. It should be remembered that church in the backwoods means a gathering of all the people and a good many dogs. After the opening hymn I called on old Deacon Bland to lead us in prayer.

"Taint no use askin' me," he said; "I can't do it."

"Suppose you start the next hymn, then."

"Can't sing, either."

"How about taking up the collection? I guess you can manage that?"

"No, I'm a bad hand at getting around. Better get some one else."

"Noticing that the old fellow carried a stout walking-stick, an idea was suggested.

"Well, brother, do you think you're able to keep out the dogs?"

"You bet I air," he confidently replied. Then, taking a seat at the door, he battled with the brutes throughout the meeting, and, after it was over, more than one of the congregation was followed home by yelping curs with broken limbs.

Every man has his sphere of usefulness.